

Newberg Graphic

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Editor and PublisherPublished every Thursday morning
Office: Graphic Building, No. 600 First Street
Phone: Office, White 33; Residence, B lue 87Entered at the postoffice at Newberg, Oregon,
as second-class matter.

\$1.50 Per Year in Advance

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1913

There are yet those in Newberg so simple minded as to be caught with the "chain prayer" fad, though it has been exposed over and over again year after year by pulpit and press.

It is hard to understand why a big brainy fellow like our friend, C. L. Ireland, of the Moro Observer, should appropriate editorials from an obscure local paper like the Graphic, and without giving credit for same.

The fourth of March is fast approaching and there are a lot of Republicans who have been nominated for good federal jobs who are waiting out in the cold, with little prospect of the Senate confirming their appointment. What agony; but it will soon be over.

We would hardly want to assert that juries that try blind piggers in Yamhill county are more ready to perjure themselves, than are juries that try this class of law breakers in other sections, but for some reason few if any convictions have been made at circuit court in McMinnville, while in Linn and Lane counties the prosecution usually get their men when they go after them. Witness the following from the Jefferson Review:

"Every one of the Linn county blind piggers were convicted in the circuit court, and all received jail sentences in addition to a heavy fine, except E. D. Henry, of Harrisburg, who jumped his bond and has not yet been apprehended. Geo DeVaney and William Eagles were his bondsmen in the sum of \$500, which was declared forfeited."

Possibly the juries in Linn and Lane are not as carefully hand picked by the attorney's for the defense as they are in Yamhill.

City Recorder Nelson informs the Graphic that the bonded indebtedness of Newberg is: \$82,000, sewer bonds, water bonds, \$50,000, park bonds, \$3,000, making a total of \$135,000. The school district, which is made up very largely of the territory within the corporate limits of the city, is bonded for \$63,000 and the property fronting on First and Main streets carries a bonded indebtedness of more than \$28,000, for street improvement. Mr. Nelson also figures that a sum approaching \$10,000 must be spent on the water system this year in order to insure good service. Several thousand dollars in floating indebtedness, both for the city and the school district, could be added, but this will be sufficient for the present. There comes a time when a pause for sober reflection is worth while, though it appears that some of our citizens are not persuaded that we have reached that period.

THE PACE THAT GETS

Every day, every week, we read of how some big man's stomach quit on him and that he has gone to boosting the undertaker's business, says the Oregon City Courier.

You read how one after another of the men in congress and in public office have died or have been forced to quit the game, and it wasn't long ago that Rockefeller offered a million dollars for a new stomach.

Ask your father if there was any acute indigestion in his day, and he'll tell you he never heard of it, while to-day it is becoming a very serious and very common complaint.

Nine out of ten men who sit at

desks, and about nine out of ten women who spend seven days out of the week have to be "careful what they eat," and over half of their sickness is because a weakened stomach has gone on a strike.

See a bunch of traveling men in a dining room, and nearly every man will take a tablet, or a pinch of pepsin before he loads up his insides—to get his works going to take care of what he is going to dump in.

You never heard of an Italian having acute indigestion did you? Seldom ever heard of a farmer who can't put away three meals of the heartiest and heaviest foods, and who can't lie down at night and hit the dreamland in less than thirty minutes?

In a restaurant in Portland I saw a couple of business men come in just before bed time and order this line of nightmare: Steak, rare; hot biscuit, baked beans, mince pie, black coffee and ice cream. On the way home I suppose they hoisted in a couple of bottles of beer; and before going to bed burned two or three strong cigars. And then I suppose they laid awake the most of the night and in the morning had a cess pool taste in their mouths.

Men are simply poisoning themselves satisfying a cultivated appetite. They load up on stuff that a yellow dog would not eat.

What the indoor man and woman needs is less medicine and more roughing it; less ice cream and more corn bread; less automobiles and more hot footing.

Exercise, the real hard work that our forefathers had, the work that tires and brings into play each organ of the body, is what the people of this country need. With it comes new nerves new stomachs and new vigor.

STOP A MOMENT, MY GIRL

In discussing the white slave traffic much has been said of late of the dangers that await the young and inexperienced girls who go from the rural districts to the cities in search of employment, and how they are entrapped by those who are on the look-out for them. It is well that warnings are being given to the mothers of this class of young girls, for there is evidence on every hand that they need to be aroused and put on their guard for the safety of their daughters, but what is to be the future of the girls now growing up in the towns that may be seen at all hours of the day and late into the night strolling about the streets, an easy mark for oily-tongued male companions? This is a problem that is puzzling the heads of people everywhere who are noting the trend of things in this free-and-easy day for young people.

We do not know who the newspaper man is who penned the following words of advice but they are well worth perusal around the fireside in every home in the land:

"Stop a moment, my girl, I've just a few words I would say to you. I've known you for years—old friends so to speak—and I think you will pardon the few words of advice. It has been a very short time since your mother held you to her bosom, then saw you with your books and tablet going back and forth to school.

"You've dropped the playthings of your girlhood and you are watching out for the sterner things of life—in fact, you are almost a woman. And as I look into your sweet girlish face, as yet unmarked by the sins of this world, I want to tell you something. The vultures of human character are flocking on the street corners—their black wings fan your innocent cheeks as you pass. God made them in the shape of man, but somehow or other the devil must have had charge of the soul factory when they were created, and your

slightest act or word will be caught by these mortal vampires and woven into a web of slander that will blight your young life and darken your days. And remember, my girl, that a blot on your name, a stain on your character, can only be wiped out by the pat of the grave-digger's shovel. And remember also that it is these human hyenas, these bonegnawers of woman's morals, these flop-winged bats that gather on corners and crossings, that help make public opinion—and an innocent, thoughtless act on your part is to them a murder of morals in the first degree.

"My advice to you is this: Make a 'chum' of your mother. She may not know as much about Greek and Latin as you do, and possibly she did not graduate and get a diploma and a box of flowers at some college commencement, but she has forgotten more about men and women of this world than you can get crammed into that little head of yours in the next ten years."

Great are the wonders of the parcel post. You may send an egg the width of the country by it if you want to take a chance of its arriving at its destination in a scrambled condition, but The Independent can't use it to send a bundle of sale bills to a country customer. We can buy a box of stamped envelopes at the Hillsboro postoffice and send them out by parcel post, but if they are taken to the press and a business card printed on them they are ruled out. A stationer may use the post to fill an order for a cheap tablet of writing paper, but let the printer supply a better grade with printing on it and it is barred. Every printer has type that imitates the typewriter for printing circulars. He cannot deliver an order of this kind by parcel post, but an order of the same kind, done on the multograph and which only the expert could tell from the one made by type, only requires the pretty new stamps. These are only a few of the reasons that are causing a mild curiosity as to why in a measure supposed to bring manufacturer and consumer closer together, the manufacturer of printing is rankly discriminated against.—Hillsboro Independent.

Simply another proof that Senator Bourne, the father of the parcel post bill has it in for the newspapers. Well, scarcely a newspaper supported him in the last primary election and he will soon be down and out.

JOINT COMMITTEES
APPROVE CELILO DAM

Oregon and Washington Delegations Favor Harnessing Columbia River

The Dalles, Or.—The United States government and the states of Oregon and Washington will each be asked to appropriate \$50,000 that a detailed survey and thorough investigation of the proposed Columbia river power project may be made, as a result of an inspection made Sunday at the prospective damsite by joint committees representing Oregon and Washington. Oregon was represented by Governor West, Senators R. R. Butler, of The Dalles; I. N. Day, of Portland; Representatives A. H. Eaton, of Eugene; C. A. Appelgren, of Portland; J. T. Hinkle, of Hermiston; State Engineer John H. Lewis, Engineer L. F. Harza and Engineer G. L. Parker, of the United States Geological survey.

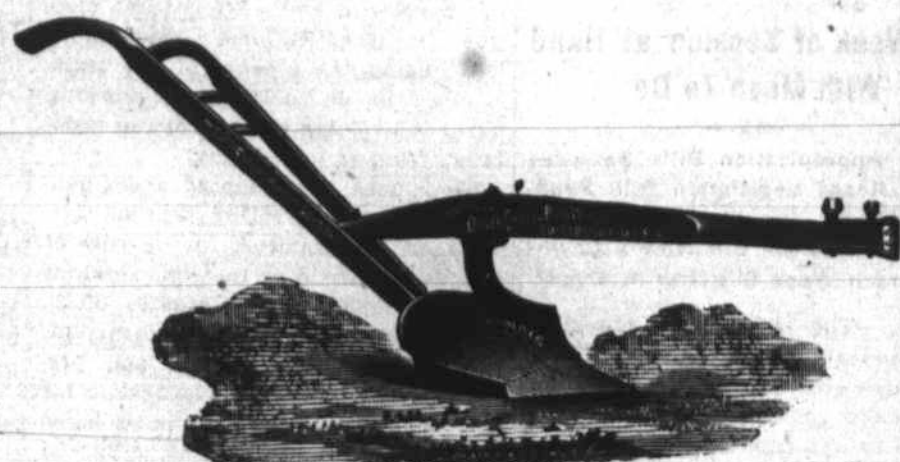
The committees from the two states said they would unanimously recommend the appropriations to their legislatures and to the government for the purpose of making a detail survey of the power project, whose estimated cost is \$23,000,000. It would take one year to make the investigation.

Iowa Women Declare for Vote. Grinnell, Ia.—Grinnell's women, in a special election, voted overwhelmingly for woman suffrage. Of 738 women who visited the polls, 663 were in favor of suffrage and 75 were not. It is estimated that 80 per cent of the women of Grinnell voted. The total male vote for governor at the last election was 945.

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